



**W**HEN COLONEL FUMES RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE...





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**







HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THE COLONEL A GOOD CHAIR NOW?

EASY! WE'LL SWITCH HIS BUSTED CHAIR WITH SERGEANT GRUFF!

FASTER, WHITEY, FASTER!

IF I GO ANY FASTER, I'LL BE IN FRONT OF YOU-- OOPS!



**YIPE!**

REMAND ME TO PUT IN FOR FLIGHT PAY!

STEEP HILL  
DRIVE SLOW

H-HEADS DOWN!

EYES RIGHT!

HEADS UP!



**YEOW!**

W-WHAT IS IT?

W-WHITTY!

A-A MIS-GUIDED MISSILE!

BAYONET COURSE  
→











MAYBE WITH A LITTLE SCOTCH TAPE--

SHUT UP! THIS CALLS FOR FAST ACTION! TAKE MY SWIVEL CHAIR AND SWITCH IT WITH THE GENERAL! HURRY, BEFORE THE OLD BOY STARTS BELLOWING!



SOON... BOY, WHITEY, ARE WE LUCKY! I GUESS WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THAT SPLINTERED CHAIR... GRUFF'S STUCK WITH IT!

HEY, YOU YARDBIRDS, COME HERE!

ORDERLY ROOM  
→



WHAT'S THE PAPER FOR, SARGE... DO YOU WANT ME TO WRITE MY WAR MEMOIRS?

NO, SHAKESPEARE! JUST FILL OUT THESE REQUISITION FORMS! THEY'RE FOR MY NEW SWIVEL CHAIR!



LATER... TURN OUT THAT LIGHT!

NO ONE'S GOING TO DREAM OF CUTE LITTLE FORMS UNTIL WE FINISH FILLING OUT **THESE** FORMS! GIVE US A HAND!



TWO DAYS LATER... BRAGG! HICKS! WHERE'S MY CHAIR?

HUH?



WHY, SARGE, THE REQUISITION CAME THROUGH! HOW'D YOU GET LEFT OUT?

THE END



# The TANK in Modern Warfare

**T**WO YEARS AFTER WORLD WAR I ERUPTED, THE ALLIED ARMIES AND THE CENTRAL POWERS FOUND THEMSELVES IN AN ABSOLUTE DEADLOCK. THE POWER WAS EQUALLY BALANCED, AND THE END OF THE CONFLICT WAS NOWHERE IN SIGHT. BUT THEN, IN SEPTEMBER, 1916, A NEW WEAPON APPEARED ON THE BATTLEFIELD... **THE TANK!** THE FIRST TANK WAS AWKWARD, AWE-INSPIRING. ITS DEADLY FIREPOWER WROUGHT HAVOC AMONG THE GERMAN FORCES AND GAVE THE ALLIES A HUGE PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE. EVENTUALLY IT PAVED THE WAY TO A COMPLETE GERMAN ROUT IN THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME. A NEW ERA IN WARFARE HAD BEGUN!



**D**ESIGN IMPROVEMENTS WERE RAPID AS THE WHOLE WORLD AWAKENED TO THE POTENTIAL OF THIS WEAPON OF DEVASTATION. IN 1931 THE JAPANESE DEVELOPED THE LIGHT TANK FOR CLOSE INFANTRY SUPPORT AND USED IT SUCCESSFULLY IN THEIR INVASION OF MANCHURIA.



**W**ITH EACH YEAR TANKS GREW LARGER AND MOUNTED HEAVIER ARMAMENT, BUT THEY ALL HAD ONE DISADVANTAGE: A HUGE SILHOUETTE. TO STOP THIS METAL MONSTER THE U.S. ARMY DEVELOPED A 37MM ANTI-TANK GUN IN 1938.

**T**HE U.S. HEAVY SHERMAN TANK OF WORLD WAR II WAS FAR INFERIOR TO THE GERMAN PANTHER BUILT IN 1943. WHERE THE SHERMAN WAS HIGH AND MOUNTED A 75 MM GUN, THE PANTHER WAS LOW, SLEEK, FAST AND PACKED AN 88 MM CANNON.



**S**TILL CONCENTRATING ON DEFENSE, THE AMERICANS DEVELOPED THE FAMED **TANK-DESTROYER**, A 76 MM GUN MOUNTED ON A SHERMAN FRAME, AND IMPROVED THE **BAZOOKA** TO PIERCE 5 INCHES OF ARMOR AT 50 YARDS! THEN, SWINGING TO THE OFFENSIVE, THE **LOW-SLUNG, 90MM PERSHING TANK** APPEARED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



**A**LL THIS WHILE, THE RUSSIANS, TOO, WERE IMPROVING THEIR TANK. THE T-34, FASTEST, LOWEST, MOST MANEUVERABLE MEDIUM TANK IN THE WORLD, CARRIES AN 86 MM GUN AND A 500 HP DIESEL MOTOR. THE STALIN III IS A 57-TON MONSTER WITH A 122 MM GUN ON A LOW FRAME. THE BEST THE U.S. HAS IS THE PATTON 48-TONNER, MOUNTING A 90MM. IN KOREA, TODAY, IT IS THE PATTON AGAINST THE T-34.



**N**EVER SATISFIED, U.S. ENGINEERS HAVE IMPROVED THE ANTI-TANK **BAZOOKA** TO MAKE IT EFFECTIVE AT 900 YARDS AND TO PENETRATE 11-INCH ARMOR. NOW IN THE WORKS IS A SECRET TANK, THE T-41, WHICH MAY BECOME THE WORLD'S FINEST TANK...



**T**HIRTY-SIX YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE TANK'S DEBUT IN EUROPE'S NO-MAN'S LAND. NO MORE IS IT AN AWKWARD, RATTLING CANNON ON TREADS, BUT A SMOOTH-RUNNING, EFFICIENT, DEADLY WEAPON OF WARFARE!



# G.I. Joe in

## MEDAL for WILLIE

WHEN THE BATTALION POSTMASTER'S JEEP PULLED INTO THE "B" COMPANY AREA, THERE WAS PLENTY OF WHOOPING AND HOLLERING -- **MAIL FROM HOME!** JOE GOT A LETTER FROM SUSIE, PRIVATE PETE CIRILLO GOT ONE FROM HIS WIFE -- WITH SNAPSHOTS. EVEN SERGEANT MULVANEY GOT ONE -- A PHILADELPHIA DEPARTMENT STORE CIRCULAR! BUT OF ALL THE GUYS, PETE WAS THE HAPPIEST....

HENDRICKS... HENSHAW...  
JAKOWSKY... LAWTON...

HEY, JOE!  
WAIT A  
MINUTE! I  
WANNA SHOW  
YOU SOMETHING!

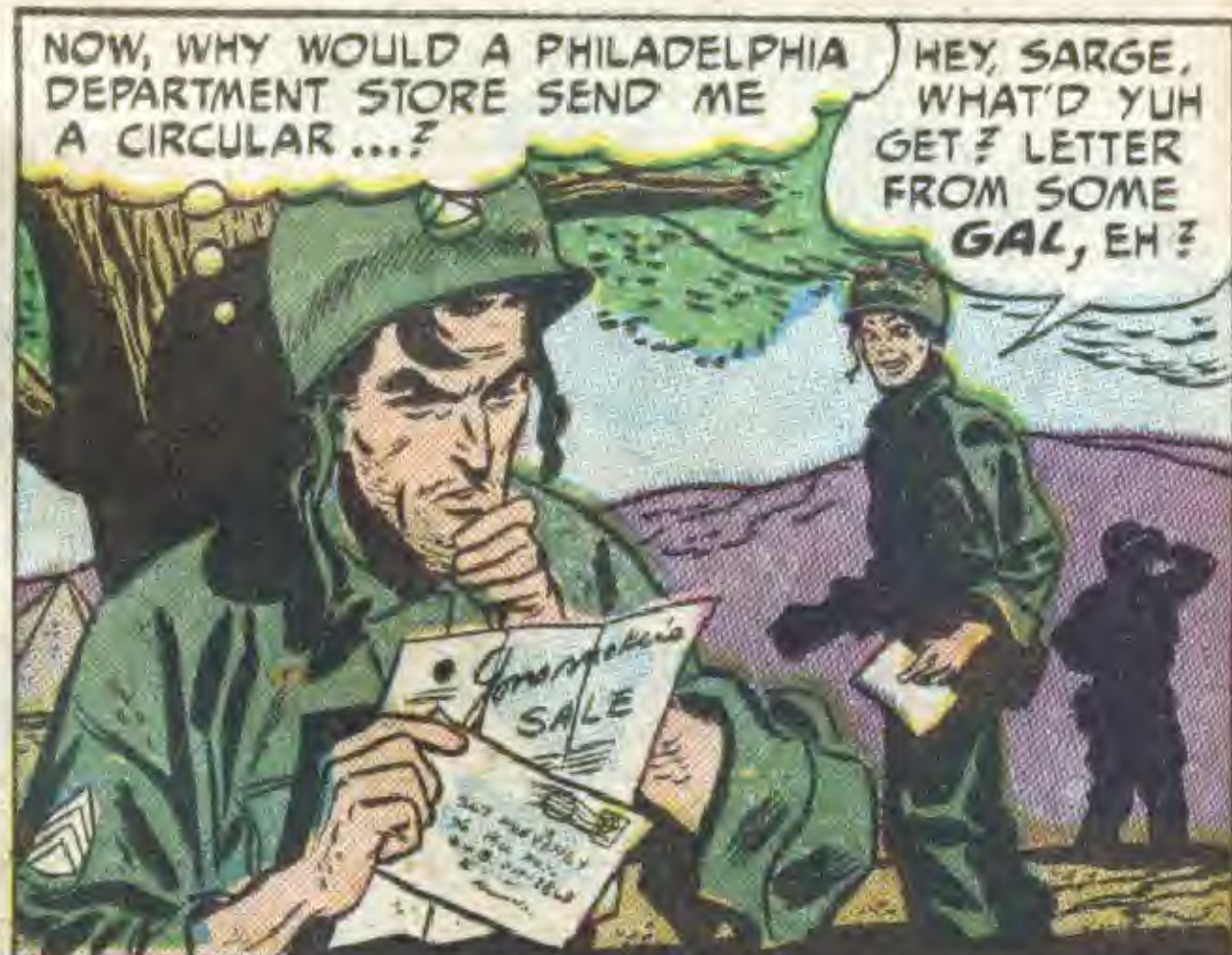
MARY SAYS HERE...  
"WILLIAM IS GETTING  
BIGGER EVERY DAY,  
ALWAYS ASKS ME  
WHEN DADDY IS  
COMING HOME, AND I  
WONDER AND PRAY, TOO,  
DARLING..." WELL, THE  
REST IS KIND OF.. YOU  
KNOW..  
PRIVATE!

GEE, HE SURE  
IS A GOOD-  
LOOKING KID,  
PETE! HOW  
OLD IS HE?

OH, LITTLE WILLIE IS GOIN' ON SIX  
YEARS OLD ALREADY! HE AIN'T NO  
BABY ANY MORE! YEAH, END OF THIS  
MONTH HE'LL BE SIX!









SO, WHILE "BAKER" COMPANY IS IN SKIRMISH WITH INFILTRATING RED PATROLS...

I WISH I WAS OVER THERE WITH THE BOYS! I AIN'T NEVER GOIN' TO WIN NO MEDALS **LAYIN' WIRE!** NUTS!

HOLD UP A SECOND WHILE I SNIP THAT BARBED WIRE...



YEAH, I'LL... **JOE!** **LOOK!** THAT CLOUD OF DUST! **TANKS!**

I SEE 'EM! THE REDS MUST BE TRYIN' TO SNEAK AN ARMORED SPEARHEAD IN TO BREAK THE SKIRMISH LINE! WE GOTTA **WARN THE COMPANY!**



LISTEN, JOE, I'LL GO...

NO, PETE! I KNOW THIS AREA BETTER THAN YOU. THE QUICKEST WAY IS **THROUGH** THE RED FLANK! YOU GET OUT OF HERE, BUT **FAST!** IF THOSE TANKS SPOT YOU, YOU'RE A GONER! HEAD BACK FOR CAMP!



THE RED FLANK PATROL CUTS RIGHT THROUGH THERE... **HEY!** HE'S GONNA TRY TO INFILTRATE THEIR LINE!



前見!! 南兵  
来! 打!



RAT-TAT-  
TAT-TAT  
TAT--

OH HHHH!







THEY GOT HIM!  
THEY KILLED JOE!



THOSE TANKS'LL CUT THE COMPANY TO  
PIECES! BUT HOW CAN I WARN THEM?  
IT'S SUICIDE TO TRY TO CUT THROUGH  
THAT RED FLANK!



I DON'T WANNA DIE... I GOT  
A **WIFE**... A **KID** TO GO  
BACK TO! I COULD FALL  
BACK TO CAMP NOW AND  
**LIVE!** I DON'T WANNA  
BE A **HERO!**



JOE, I'M GOIN' TO SEND  
THAT KID SOMETHIN' HE  
CAN REALLY BE PROUD  
OF FOR HIS BIRTHDAY.  
I'M GOIN' OUT AND WIN  
A **MEDAL** FOR WILLIE!

I DON'T WANT IT! I  
DON'T WANT  
A **MEDAL!**



WILLIE, TRY AND UNDERSTAND,  
DARLING. DADDY WON'T BE  
COMING HOME  
ANY MORE...  
(SOB)

I WANT MY  
DADDY... (SOB)  
I WANT MY  
DADDY...  
(SOB)

WILLIE! WILLIE!  
I'LL COME HOME!  
... I'LL COME  
HOME!



YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE FIVE  
MORE TRIPS TO BRING THE  
DEAD IN! A WHOLE COMPANY...  
**WIPED OUT!**... THE TANKS  
CAUGHT THEM BY SURPRISE!  
THEY NEVER EVEN HAD  
A CHANCE...



IF THOSE TANKS SPOT  
YOU, YOU'RE A **GONER!**  
HEAD BACK FOR  
CAMP, PETE...

JOE... POOR JOE! I  
CAN'T LET YOU DOWN, TOO!  
**NO!** WILLIE WON'T HAVE  
HIS DADDY... OR A **MEDAL**...  
BUT THOSE GUYS IN  
BAKER COMPANY WILL  
HAVE THEIR CHANCE!



MAYBE I CAN'T GET THROUGH THAT LINE!  
BUT IF I CAN GET THOSE BOZOS TO FIRE  
THEIR GUNS, THE SCOUTS FROM BAKER  
COMPANY WILL KNOW **SOMETHING** IS  
UP!



THEN STARTS A FANTASTIC "BULLFIGHT" WITH THE  
STEEL MONSTERS SNORTING AFTER THIS  
ELUSIVE MATADOR...



I GOT FOUR GRENADES LEFT,  
THEN... COME ON, BABIES!  
COME TO PAPA! AND LET'S  
HEAR THOSE GUNS  
GOOD AND LOUD!

MEANWHILE, AT THE SCENE OF THE SKIRMISH,  
A DIRTY, BEDRAGGLED, EXHAUSTED FIGURE  
HURTLES ACROSS THE LINE...



CAP'N...CAP'N KING,  
THERE'S **TANKS--**  
**RED TANKS--**  
FLANK  
ATTACK!

**BURCH!** GOOD MAN!  
JACKSON, BRING ME  
A FIELD PHONE! JOE,  
WHERE ARE THEY?



HELLO, ARTILLERY, RANGE  
THREE-FIVE-SEVEN-ZERO.  
VECTORS C-30 AND  
D-30! **FIRE AT  
WILL!**

MAN, ARE YOU  
LUCKY! THAT  
BULLET JUST  
GRAZED YOUR  
HEAD!

YEAH!  
I MUSTA  
BEEN OUT  
COLD FOR  
TEN  
MINUTES!



MEANWHILE, PETE IS STILL DESPERATELY HOLDING THE TANKS BACK...



I GOT ONE GRENADE LEFT! MAYBE I CAN...  
OHNNNN! MY LEGS!



AND AS THE ARTILLERY BLASTED THE RED FLANK ATTACK TO BITS, THE GI'S ON THE SKIRMISH LINE SWEEPED FORWARD AND MOP UP THE DISHEARTENED RED TROOPS, LATER...



AND THEN LATER THAT NIGHT...





A FEW MINUTES LATER INSIDE CAPTAIN KING'S FIELD SHACK...



...AND IF HE HADN'T DELAYED THEM TANKS, **KNOWIN'** IT WAS PURE **SUICIDE**, THEY WOULD HAVE HIT OUR LINE WHILE I WAS STILL OUT COLD!

Sir, you promised me a bronze star, and I'm tellin' you who's the guy who **DESERVES** it! The war is over for Pete. Are you gonna send him back to his kid with just a pair of game legs?



IT'S OPEN AND SHUT, BURCH! **CIRILLO DESERVES** THAT MEDAL!



GEE, JOE! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YUH! I THOUGHT FOR SURE THEY GOT YUH!

NAAH, THEY GOT T' USE HEAVIER BULLETS THAN **THAT** IF THEY WANT T'DENT THIS OLD SKULL! HEY, I DIDN'T EVEN TELL YUH THE BEST NEWS! CAPTAIN KING IS PUTTIN' YOU IN FOR THE **BRONZE STAR!**



GOSH... JOE, A **BRONZE STAR!** (GULP) GEE, MY KID'LL BE SO **PROUD!** IMAGINE THAT... THEY'RE GIVING **ME** A MEDAL!

AND YOU SURE DESERVE IT, PETE! WILLIE CAN REALLY BE PROUD OF HIS OLD MAN! YOU BETTER GET SOME REST NOW!



HEY, JOE, REMEMBER I SAID I'D SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM FOR YOU? WELL I DID! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS **SEND SUSIE THAT BRONZE STAR YOU WON!** WHAT A BIRTH-DAY PRESENT!

STAR? I... UH... WHO TOLD YOU I WAS GETTIN' A STAR? THAT'S SCUTTLEBUTT! THEY GAVE THE STAR TO **PETE...** THE GUY THAT **DESERVED** IT!



DON'T HAND ME THAT! I KNOW WHAT YOU DONE! VERY FINE... ALL RIGHT! SO NOW **WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO SEND SUSIE?**

WHA-? WHY I... I... I'LL SEND HER LOVE 'N' KISSES! JOES LIKE US DON'T WIN MEDALS! YUH - YUH GOTTA BE A **REAL HERO!**



WHAT A GUY!

The End



# G.I. Joe

in

## Two Men on a Bike

**A**FTER TWO WEEKS AT THE FRONT, "BAKER" COMPANY PULLS BACK AND BIVOUACS AT A DESOLATE SPOT SOMEWHERE IN KOREA. AS THE MEN PILE OUT OF THE TRUCKS, MULVANEY WHIPS THEM INTO SHAPE...

AWRIGHT, YOU GUYS! BETTER START UNPACKIN'! THIS HERE'S GONNA BE "HOME" FOR THE NEXT COUPLA WEEKS!

WHAT? THE COLONEL SAID WE WUZ GOIN' TO A REST CAMP! YA CALL *THIS* CRUMMY HOLE A REST CAMP?

YEAH! WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE! WHAT ARE WE S'POSED TO DO FER ENTERTAINMENT?



LOOK, FRIEND! YA DON'T SEEM TO UNNERSTAND! WHEN THE AH-ME SAYS *REST*-- THEY AIN'T KIDDIN'! SO YA BETTER REST BEFORE I BREAK YER NECK!



**T**HE NEXT MORNING...

HEY, MULVANEY! TH' LOOTENANT WANTSA SEE YA RIGHT AWAY!



WHAT'S UP, SARGE?

LOOK, JOE! THEM FURLOUGH PASSES WE PUT IN FOR TWO MONTHS AGO! HOW D'YA LIKE THAT?





HA! HA! FOULOUGH PASSES! NOW AIN'T THAT NICE? YA KNOW SOMETHIN', SARGE — YA CAN'T GIVE 'EM AWAY!

WE FINALLY GIT A LOUSY 12-HOUR PASS AN' WE GOTTA SPEND IT HERE WITH THE REST OF THESE DOG-FACES!

WAIT, SARGE! THEY GOT A SERVICE-MEN'S CLUB AT CHANSUN! HOW 'BOUT THAT!

OH, GREAT! CHANSUN'S ONLY 40 MILES FROM HERE! MAYBE WE SHOULD START WALKIN'!

MAYBE THE LOOTENANT'LL LEND US A JEEP!

SORRY, MEN! I'VE GOT STRICT ORDERS TO KEEP **EVERY RUNNING JEEP** ON HAND IN CASE OF ATTACK! AND ALL OTHER **OPERATIVE TRANSPORTATION** IS TO BE USED STRICTLY FOR ARMY BUSINESS!

NOW YOU FIGURE THAT ONE OUT! NO **OPERATIVE TRANSPORTATION**! WHAT OTHER KIND'S ANY GOOD?

HOW ABOUT THIS BEAT-UP MOTORCYCLE? IT AIN'T OPERATIN'! I'LL BET THE ORDER DON'T COVER THAT!

CALM DOWN, GENIUS! IT'D TAKE A **MIRACLE** T'GET THAT **BROKEN-DOWN EGG-BEATER** TO RUN!

YOU HAPPEN TO BE TALKIN' TO THE BEST LI'L OL' REPAIRMAN IN THE ARMY!

YOU KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT MOTORCYCLES?

MOTORCYCLES--NO! BUT **EGG-BEATERS** IS MY SPECIALTY!

AND SOON... THERE Y'ARE! GOOD AS NEW!

COME ON, JOE! LET'S BE OFF AN' LEAVE THESE **POOR SLOBS** TO THEIR KNITTIN'!

HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES SALESMAN SAM--THE **BLACK-HEARTED BLACK MARKETEEER**!

PURR-R-R





GENTLEMEN, MAY I ACQUAINT YOU WITH MY LATEST WARES? THIS LITTLE BOOK, FOR EXAMPLE -- A **MUST** ON ANY TRIP THROUGH KOREA! ONLY \$5.00!

HMMM! "KOREAN-AMERICAN DICTIONARY AND GUIDE BOOK!"

GIVE IT BACK, SARGE! I GOT ONE RIGHT HERE! LET'S GET GOIN'!

AND SO, THE TWO STALWARTS SET OUT FOR CHANSUN. BUT ON THE WAY...



LISTEN! THE MOTOR'S QUITTIN'! WHAT'S WRONG!

S-SOUNDS LIKE WE'RE OUTA GAS!



"BEST LI'L OL' REPAIRMAN IN THE ARMY," EH? CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER TO FILL THE TANK! WHADDAYA THINK THIS THING RUNS ON--?

NOW, TAKE IT EASY, SARGE, I -- HEY, LOOK!



GET A LOAD OF THE CHARACTER!

DRAG OUT THAT DICTIONARY OF YOURS AN' ASK HIM HOW FAR TO CHANSUN!



(GULP!) I-I MUSTA DROPPED IT ON THE WAY!

WELL, TRY TALKIN' TO THE JACKASS! YOU TWO OUGHTA UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER!



YOU WISH WAY TO CHANSUN? ME CHANSUN CHOLLIE-- SPIK VELLY GOOD AMERICAN! ME TAKE YOU! HOKAY?

WELL, HOW D'YA LIKE THAT? A HARVARD MAN! HITCH 'ER UP, JOE-- AN' LET'S GET GOIN'! LEAD THE WAY, CHOLLIE OL' BOY!



AFTER AN HOUR'S TRAVEL, THE WAGON STOPS BEFORE A FARMHOUSE...

CHANSUN PRETTY LONG WAY. ME PRETTY HUNGRY! WE STOP-- YES? MY FRIEN' LIB HERE! HE GIB US BREAD AND WINE! HOKAY?

GOOD IDEA! WE CAN USE SOME CHOW!



BUT AS THEY STEP INSIDE ...

RAISE HANDS, PLEASE! QUICKLY!

WELL, I'LL-- **REDS!** WHY, YOU--

SUCH ARE THE WAYS OF WAR, YANK!

NOTHIN' BUT A **LOUSY RED COLLABORATOR!**

ONE MUST LIB...

IN YOUR CASE, WE'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION!

YOU CREEP! SELLIN' OUT TO THE ENEMY!

CHOLLIE HAB NO ENEMIES--CHOLLIE FRIEN' TO EBBYBODY! YOU HAB MORE MONEY--ME BETTER FRIEN'! HOKAY?

ENOUGH TALK! WE WANT INFORMATION!

GO BUY AN ENCYCLOPEDIA!

BETTER YOU TELL US-- OTHERWISE, MOST UNPLEASANT FOR YOU!

LATER THAT NIGHT, BACK AT CAMP...

IMPORTANT DETAIL! TELL MULVANEY TO ROUND UP THE MEN, AND--

'JA FORGET, SIR? YOU ISSUED PASSES TO HIM AN' BURCH! THEY TOOK OFF FOR CHANSUN!

THEY OUGHTA BE BACK HERE SOON!

SOON? THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK HERE **TWO HOURS AGO!** THOSE WERE 12-HOUR PASSES!

WELL, WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THOSE TWO ANY LONGER! WE MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY! CORPORAL-- ORDER THE MEN TO FALL IN!

YES, SIR!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE FARMHOUSE...



SO! YOU STILL REFUSE TO GIVE INFORMATION, EH? PERHAPS A FEW LASHES WILL LOOSEN OBSTINATE YANKEE TONGUE!

PLEASE! CHOLLIE NOT BRING MEN HERE FOR TO TORTURE!



QUIET, FAT ONE! THIS OUR AFFAIR!

WE BEEN AT THIS FOR TEN HOURS, SARGE! I DON'T MIND THE BEATING, BUT MY THROAT'S BURNIN' SO I CAN HARDLY STAND IT! BOY, WHAT I'D GIVE FER A DRINK!

SLAP!



EH? YOU ARE THIRSTY, G.I.? COME, WE HAVE PLENTY WINE IF YOU WISH TO GIVE US INFORMATION!

SURE! SURE! I'LL TELL Y'ANYTHIN! JUST LEMME HAVE A DRINK!

NO, JOE! DON'T SELL OUT YER BUDDIES!



JOE! YA CAN'T MEAN IT! NO! DON'T--UGH!

ENOUGH! NO INTERFERE!

SWACK!



AIEE! MY EYES! I CANNOT SEE!

GOOD BOY, JOE!

SPLAT!



OOF!



AIEE!

ERATATA!

BANG! BANG!





WELL, I GUESS THAT FINISHES 'EM! ALL EXCEPT **FAT BOY** HERE-- AN' I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF **HIM** RIGHT NOW!

HOLD IT, SARGE! WE'RE GONNA NEED HIM TO GET OUTA HERE!

BUT AS THEY STEP OUT THE DOOR...



LOOK! MORE REDS! BACK INSIDE--QUICK!

OUTSIDE, A VOICE CALLS TO THEM IN KOREAN...



日本兵が来た!!

WE BETTER GET RID OF **HIM** NOW! WE GOT **ENOUGH** REDS ON OUR HANDS!

WAIT! LISTEN WHAT HE SAY! YOU NO FIGHT BACK! I GO TELL HIM!



NO LOUSY COLLABORATOR'S GONNA TELL US WHAT TO DO!

SARGE! LOOK!



REMEMBER, MEN! WE WANT THOSE SPIES ALIVE! WE WANT TO QUESTION THEM!

DROP 'EM! YOU CAN QUIT SHOOTIN' AT THEM **EMPTY** HELMETS! HEY, LOOK! IT'S--

HUH?



LOOK! IT'S **OUR** GUYS!

I TRY TO TELL YOU! YANKS GOOD! CHOLLIE WORK FOR YANKS NOW--HOKAY?

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE REDS! WHY DIDN'T YOU ANSWER WHEN OUR INTERPRETER CALLED YOU?



WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS SAYIN'! JOE LOST THAT BLASTED DICTIONARY O' HIS!

WELL, WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE SAFE--EVEN THOUGH WE WANTED ALL THESE SPIES **ALIVE**! HOWEVER, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE IN FOR DISCIPLINE!



YOU MEAN ABOUT THE FURLOUGH? GOSH, LOOTENANT-- HOW COULD WE GET BACK IN TIME WHEN THESE REDS WAS--

I DON'T MEAN THE FURLOUGH! I'M SPEAKING OF THE MOTORCYCLE! I READ YOU THE ORDER CONCERNING "OPERATIVE TRANSPORTATION."

BUT THAT BEAT-UP OLD THING DIDN'T EVEN WORK!

IT DID, AFTER YOU FIXED IT! AND IT'S **ARMY PROPERTY--** AND YOU TOOK IT **WITHOUT PERMISSION!**

**NEXT DAY...**

C'MON, YOU GUYS! HURRY UP WITH THEM ONIONS!

LOOKIT THEM GUYS (SNIFF!) WORKIN' LIKE MAD! BOY, SOME FEED!

YEAH! THEY MUST BE FEEDIN' A CONGRESS-MAN (SNIFF!) OR EVEN A **SENATOR!** (SNIFF!) A PRETTY FAT ONE AT THAT!

HEY, BURCH! LOOK!

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW!

CHOLLIE! HOW COME?

YEAH! HOW COME?

HIM? HE WENT AND GAVE THE U.N. COMMAND SOME VALUABLE INFORMATION ABOUT THE REDS! AN' THEY FIGGER THERE'S A LOT MORE THEY CAN GET OUT OF HIM!

HE'S A PRIZE CATCH, AWRIGHT!

Y'SEE, SARGE? I DIDN'T STEER YA WRONG, AFTER ALL! WE DONE THE ARMY A GOOD TURN!

YEAH? THEN HOW COME HE'S IN THERE EATIN'--

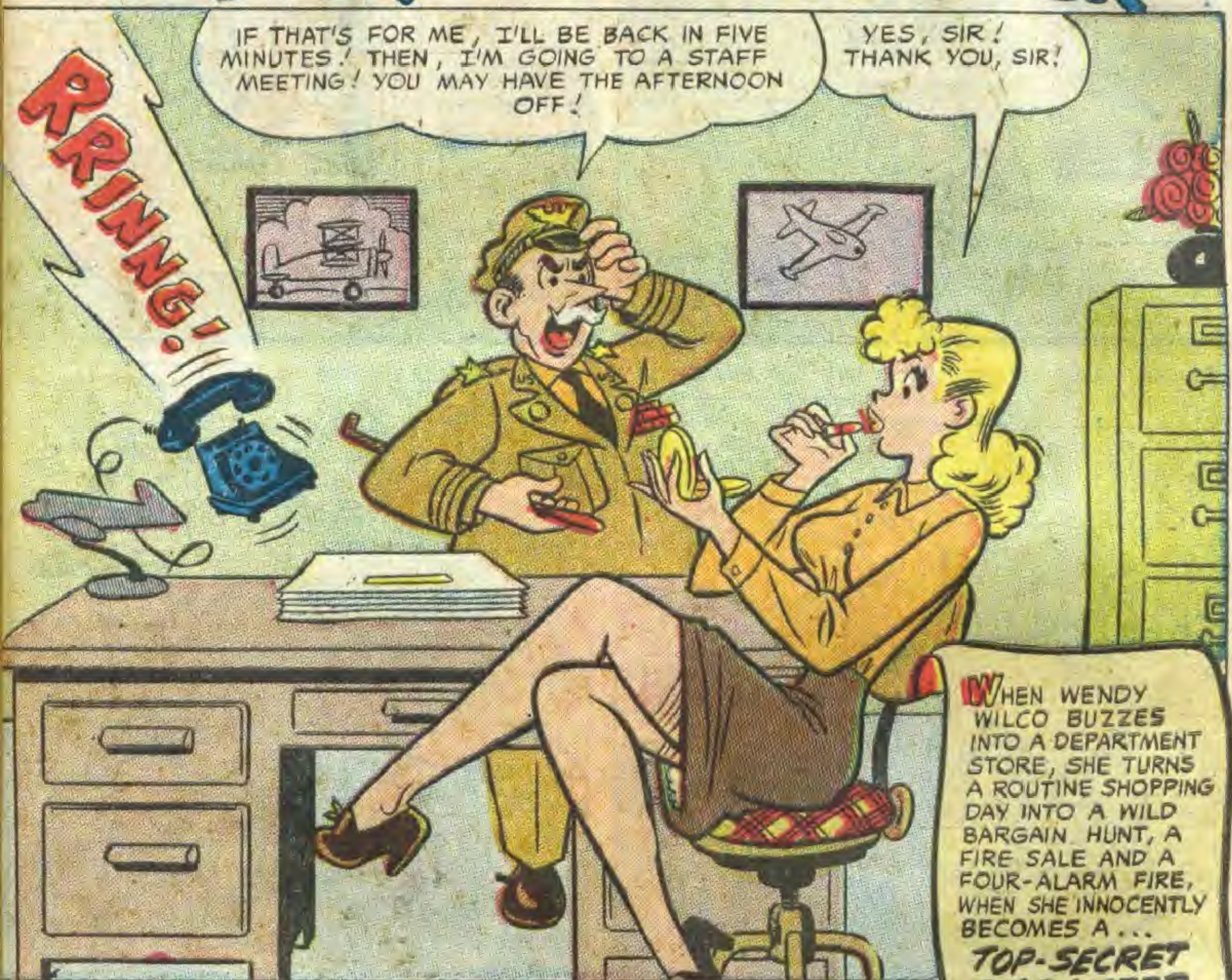
-- WHILE WE'RE OUT HERE PEELIN' ONIONS?

*The End*



# WENDY *the* WAF

## in TOP-SECRET SHOP-LIFTER



WHEN WENDY WILCO BUZZES INTO A DEPARTMENT STORE, SHE TURNS A ROUTINE SHOPPING DAY INTO A WILD BARGAIN HUNT, A FIRE SALE AND A FOUR-ALARM FIRE, WHEN SHE INNOCENTLY BECOMES A ...

**TOP-SECRET SHOP-LIFTER**





A SLIP, SIZE 34; THREE-DEVIL-MAY-CARE LIPSTICKS... PANCAKE MAKE-UP... FLAPJACK NO. 4; A FIVE POUND BOX OF GORGE 'UM CANDIES AND A BOTTLE OF SLIMMO REDUCING PILLS!



GOLLY, I'LL NEED A CARGO PLANE TO CARRY ALL THIS BACK!



LATER THAT AFTERNOON, AT THE STAFF MEETING...

GENTLEMEN, THIS FOLDER IS THE **TOP-SECRET** DEFENSE PLAN FOR THIS ENTIRE SECTION OF OUR COUNTRY!

THE SECURITY GUARDS ARE POSTED, YOU MAY BEGIN, GENERAL FLYWELL!

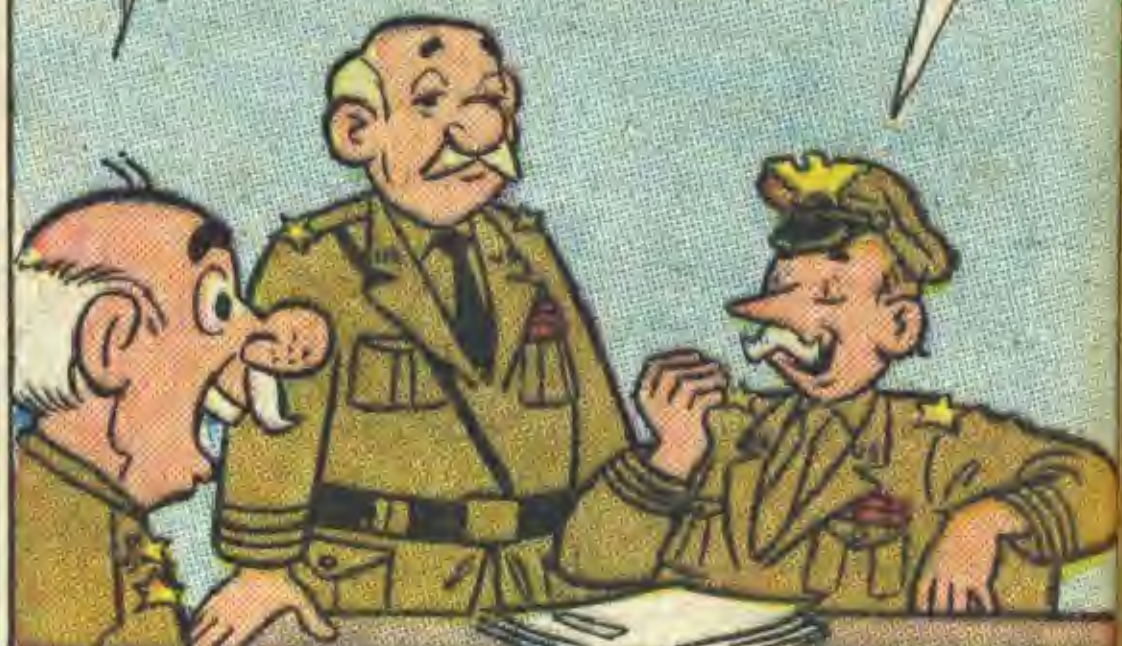


MANY PAGES LATER...

BRILLIANT PLAN, GENERAL!

GREAT! BUT HOW CAN WE TIE ALL THOSE LOOSE ENDS TOGETHER?

I HAD A GENIUS WORK IT OUT... ONE OF MY TOP **PFC'S**! ALL THE DETAILED SCHEDULES ARE HERE ON THE **LAST PAGE**!



COME! COME, GENERAL! LET'S HEAR THE KEY TO THIS PLAN!

GREAT FLAPPING FINS! I-IT'S MISSING!



MISSING? BUT HOW COULD IT BE?

WHO HAS IT?

PROBABLY... **S-SPIES**!









WE'RE TOO CONSPICUOUS!  
MAKE LIKE A DUMMY,  
COMRADE!

GEE, THAT DISPLAY SURE LOOKS CROWDED! I'D BETTER GET THE BOY TO HAUL OFF SOME OF THOSE MALE DUMMIES!

A cartoon illustration showing a woman with blonde hair, wearing a red dress and large red earrings, looking surprised or excited. She is standing in front of a display of male mannequins dressed in formal attire, including tuxedos and top hats. One mannequin is holding a cane. The background features a red curtain. A speech bubble from the woman reads: "GEE, THAT DISPLAY SURE LOOKS CROWDED! I'D BETTER GET THE BOY TO HAUL OFF SOME OF THOSE MALE DUMMIES!"

SHE'S LEAVING THIS DEPARTMENT! NOW IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

ESCAPE? WHO WANTS TO ESCAPE?

PSST, THEY'RE THE TWO SPIES ALL RIGHT! I RECOGNIZE THEM FROM OUR **FBI** FLIER!

REMEMBER, THE CHIEF SAID WE SHOULDN'T PICK THEM UP UNTIL WE CAN CATCH THEM RED-HANDED WITH THE TOP-SECRET REPORT!

LINGERIE

ELSEWHERE...

GENERAL FLYWELL, IF THAT PAGE IS IN ENEMY HANDS...

WAIT! WENDY MAY HAVE TAKEN IT BY MISTAKE! I'LL HAVE HER PAGED!

PRIVATE WENDY WILCO!  
REPORT TO GENERAL  
FLYWELL AT ONCE!

NOW,  
COMRADE!

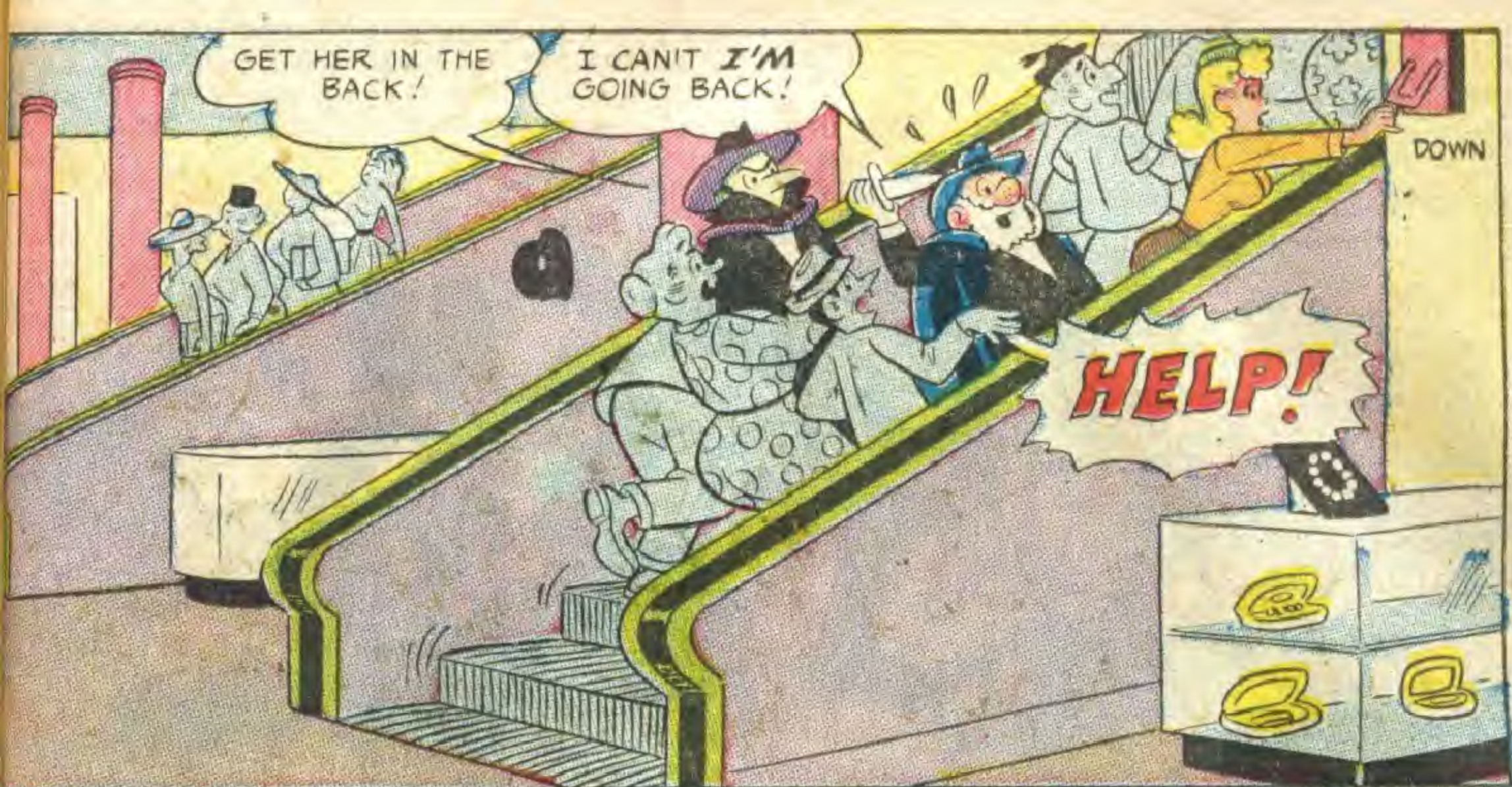
GOLLY! THIS  
MUST BE AN  
**EMERGENCY!**

UP  
E  
S  
C  
A  
P  
E

EMERGENCY  
ONLY

UP  
DOWN









SOON...



THE END



# IS YOUR NAME HERE?

Jerry Jacobs, Columbia, Pa.  
 Joe Simms, Lexington, Ky.  
 Randy Riddle, Burnsville, N. C.  
 Gary Hoffman, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Jimmy Ryan, Memphis, Tenn.  
 Frank Chong, Hanford, Calif.  
 Henry Cumberland, Washington, D. C.  
 James Johnson, Newton, Ala.  
 Johanna Schropp, Cudworth, Sask. Can.  
 Douglas Wright, Fruitland, Md.  
 Robert Dorr, Washington, D. C.  
 Donnie Buckner, Knoxville, Tenn.  
 Joyce Horner, Earlimart, Calif.  
 Callie Newton, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Lanny Goldberg, Savannah, Ga.  
 Dennis Horn, Independence, Iowa  
 Henri Weil, Bergenfield, N. J.  
 Billy Neveling, Crescent Park, N. J.  
 Bob Lindsay, Fairfield, Conn.  
 Jimmy Pollock, Graham, N. C.  
 John Sumner, Portland, Ore.  
 Geraldine Fowler, Magna, Utah  
 Marvin Slater, Allen Park, Mich.  
 Rusty Russell, Monrovia, Calif.  
 Barry Cavanaugh, Prospect Park, Pa.



These are the names of the Presidents of the first 25 G. I. Joe Fan Clubs! If yours is not a Charter Fan Club Group—hop to it! There's still time to get in step with the new fan club craze that is sweeping the country!

Form your G. I. Joe fan club now! It's exciting! It's fun! Each member gets an autographed picture of me, G. I. Joe—a pennant for his or her room—a G. I. Joe badge of honor—a membership card—and whenever possible my Secret Front Line Dispatch!

Here's all you have to do—

## G.I. Joe



1. Get together all the names and addresses of your friends who want to be members.
2. Have each guy or gal cut out the ZIFF-DAVIS symbol from the front cover of his or her G. I. Joe Comic Book. That is the special money that entitles you to membership. One of these symbols appears on the corner of these instructions and one must accompany every name you send.
3. Now, put all the names, addresses, symbols, and ONE quarter (25¢) into an envelope and send it to me, G. I. Joe, Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.
4. Just as soon as I hear from you, I'll send you your complete G. I. JOE FAN CLUB KIT, which contains pictures; membership cards; pennants; and G. I. Joe badges of honor. One of each for every member!

**HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!**





# G.I. Joe *in*

## "Dear John:"

OUR GI IS WELL-EQUIPPED TO FIGHT HIS ENEMY. HE HAS A DEFENSE AGAINST EVERY WEAPON, AND ANYTHING HIS FOE MAY THROW AT HIM IS QUICKLY RETURNED WITH INTEREST. BUT THE GI IS HELPLESS WHEN HE FACES THE DEADLIEST WEAPON OF ALL: THE "DEAR JOHN" LETTER! AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND "BAKER" COMPANY TAKING A WELL-EARNED REST. CLAY CALDWELL, THE PRIDE OF OGLETHORPE, GA., FLASHES A SNAP-SHOT OF HIS GIRL ELLIE FOR THE ONE-HUNDRETH TIME ...

YEP, CAN'T WAIT T'GET HOME AN' MARRY THAT GAL!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHIN' TO BE PROUD OF, CLAY! ELLIE'S GONNA MAKE YA A SWELL WIFE!

HEY, GUYS! GUYS!



WHAT'S UP, WEEPY?

POOR BIFF KELLY-- HE RECEIVED ONE OF THOSE "DEAR JOHN" LETTERS! HE'S ALL BROKEN UP-- WAS GONNA MARRY THE GAL! BUT SHE CALLED IT OFF TO GET HITCHED WITH SOME OTHER GUY AT HOME!

I FEEL SORRY FOR BIFF!

YEAH, AN' THE HECK OF IT IS THAT HE CAN'T DO A THING ABOUT IT, CLAY!

ELLIE'D NEVER DO THAT TO ME! IF SHE DID, I'D KILL MYSELF! I WOULD! BUT ELLIE'D NEVER DO THAT TO ME!







C'MON, YOU GUYS, GET YER GEAR! WE GOT A WAR TO FIGHT!

Y'KNOW, SARGE, WHEN YOU'RE NOT AROUND I FORGET THAT WE'RE IN THIS CRUMMY HOLE! I DREAM THAT I'M IN PARADISE, AND...

KNOCK IT OFF, BUDDY! WE'RE IN KOREA -- MULVANEY OR NO MULVANEY!

BUT IN A FEW MINUTES, JOKES ARE FORGOTTEN AS LT. PARKER BRIEFS HIS PLATOON...



... AND THESE REDS IN THE CENTRAL SECTOR HAVE BEEN INFLECTING HEAVY CASUALTIES ON OUR TROOPS! OUR OPERATIONS WILL BE JUST ONE SMALL BUT IMPORTANT PART OF A HUGE DRIVE TO TRAP THE ENEMY IN A GIANT PINCERS... ALL RIGHT, MEN, LET'S GO!

AT THE BATTLEFIELD THE FIRST PLATOON MOVES UP TO RELIEVE A TIRED, WORN OUTFIT, WHICH HAD BEEN UP FRONT FOR TWO DAYS...

THE FIRST THING YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS WIPE OUT A RED MACHINE-GUN NEST! THEY'VE BEEN TEARING US APART! AND THOSE CLOUDS HAVE KEPT OUR JETS ON THE GROUND. THAT'S WHAT MAKES THIS OPERATION SO TOUGH!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM, SIMPSON!



SELECTING JOE, HOOSIER HAWKINS AND CLAY CALDWELL, MULVANEY LEADS THE SQUAD TOWARD THE ENEMY LINES...

NOW, LISTEN, YOU GUYS! HERE'S HOW... JOE AND CLAY TAKE THEM FROM THE REAR, HOOSIER AND I WILL BE UP FRONT. WE'LL TRY TO TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE! GOOD LUCK!



MULVANEY, TAKE SOME MEN AND CLEAN OUT THAT NEST!

YES, SIR!

SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, JOE AND CLAY CRAWL BEHIND THE MACHINE-GUN NEST TO FIND...

JOE, LOOK! THERE ARE **TWO MORE GUNS!** MULVANEY DOESN'T KNOW!

YEAH! THIS CHANGES THINGS! WE GOTTA GET ALL OF THEM BEFORE MULVANEY POPS UP!





ARMED WITH HAND GRENADES, THE TWO GI'S CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH THE NESTS, AND...



I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! THEY'LL BE SPRAYING US WITH LEAD AS SOON AS THE GRENADES GO OFF! **HERE GOES!**



**GET DOWN, CLAY!  
GET DOWN!**

**BOOM!**



THERE IT IS, HOOSIER!  
LET'S GO!

WITH YA,  
SARGE!



GOOD JOB, NOW LET'S  
GET OUTTA— **HEY!**  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
CLAY?

RED GOT 'IM, SARGE!  
C'MON, WE GOTTA LUG  
HIM BACK! HE'S  
HURT BAD!

SOME DAYS LATER IN A FIELD HOSPITAL...



HIYA, CLAY—IT'S ME, JOE! THOUGHT YA'D BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING WE TRAPPED THOSE REDS AND WIPED THEM OUT! AND SAY, I GOT A LETTER FOR YA! IT'S FROM YER GAL—I CAN TELL BY THE WRITIN'!

READ IT  
FOR ME,  
JOE!

OKAY, CLAY, HERE  
GOES... ER...

*Dear Clay,  
I don't know how to  
start, but I'll be direct. I'm  
calling off our engagement!  
I just can't wait any longer  
for you to come home! I have  
my own life to lead. That's  
why I'm marrying Ben Stone....*





GO ON, JOE, READ IT! DON'T BE BASHFUL! ELLIE AND I GOT NOTHIN' T'HIDE. AN' BESIDES, I GOT NO CHOICE!... G'WAN, READ IT!

OH, ER... UH... YEAH... "MY DEAREST CLAY, WORDS CAN NEVER TELL HOW MUCH I MISS, AND - ER - LOVE YOU! I DREAM AND HOPE FOR YOU TO COME HOME TO ME..."



"... AND - ER - THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, MY - ER - DARLING DEAREST SWEETHEART. WITH ALL MY LOVE FOREVER, AND - ER - EVER, ELLIE! WELL, CLAY, THAT'S IT!"

BOY! WHAT A GAL! DO ME A FAVOR, JOE! WILL YOU ANSWER IT FOR ME? I'LL DICTATE!



ELLIE, DEAREST, I GOT YOUR LETTER AND I THOUGHT IT WAS WONDERFUL...

THE POOR GUY! IF HE EVER FINDS OUT IT'LL KILL HIM!

**W**EEKS PASS, AND CLAY IS DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL. BUT HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE HASN'T HEARD FROM ELLIE...

YOU SAP, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM FROM THE START? THE POOR GUY'S WORRIED SICK! **WE** KNOW HE'LL NEVER HEAR FROM THAT DAME AGAIN!

I COULDN'T TELL HIM, SARGE! IT WOULD'VE KILLED HIM... **SHHHH!** HERE HE COMES!



HI, GUYS! I-I DIDN'T HEAR FROM ELLIE YET! BEEN SIX WEEKS NOW! WONDER WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED!

G-GOSH, CLAY, DON'T FRET! YOU'LL PROBABLY GET A LETTER SOON!

THE KID SHOULD KNOW, AN' I'M GONNA TELL HIM NOW!

LOOK, KID - I GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL YA...



**THE REDS! THE REDS ARE ATTACKING!**

**BOOM!**  
**RATATATA**





THOSE @\* #! YEAH, BUT WE GOT OUR PLANES UP THERE THIS TIME! MULVANEY STARTED TO TELL ME SOMETHIN'! I GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT'S UP!

AND AFTER HOURS OF BLOODY COMBAT...



YIPPEEEE! WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN! LOOKIT THEM GO!



WHEW! I'M PLUMB TUCKERED OUT! THEY MUSTA TAKEN A LOT OF CASUALTIES! YEAH, THAT'S THE WORST PART OF IT! HEY, SARGE, WHAT WERE YOU STARTIN' T'TELL ME?



WELL, KID, I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT ... HEY, THE MAIL TRUCK!



BREWSTER, BROOKS, CALDWELL ... HERE! HERE! HERE I AM!



THIS - THIS  
ISN'T FROM  
ELLIE!



WEEK'S PASS, AND CLAY CALDWELL HAS FOUND A NEW INTEREST. SOMEONE BACK HOME THINKS ENOUGH ABOUT HIM TO WRITE HIM EVERY DAY. THE PAIN IS GONE AS HE WRITES ALICE ANOTHER LETTER...

"DEAREST ALICE, I HAD A GIRL BACK HOME, BUT I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER IN A LONG TIME. SO I FIGURE SHE'S FORGOTTEN ME... WELL, THAT'S LOVE AND WAR, I GUESS. FUNNY HOW YOU DON'T SEE THINGS RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES. THERE YOU WERE IN SCHOOL. AND I MUST HAVE LOVED YOU THEN, BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT OR MAYBE I WAS TOO YOUNG. I KNOW IT NOW, DARLING..."

CLAY'S  
LIKE A NEW  
MAN, SARGE!

YEAH, AN'  
AM I GLAD  
YUH NEVER  
TOLD HIM  
ABOUT THE "DEAR  
JOHN" LETTER  
FROM THE  
OTHER  
GAL!



SAY, GUYS, I GOT A PROBLEM! MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME! Y'SEE, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT ALICE! I KNOW SHE'S FOR ME! NOW I WANNA WRITE ELLIE AN' CALL IT ALL OFF! I DON'T THINK SHE CARES ANYMORE. DO YA THINK THAT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO?



AND SOME DAYS LATER...

OKAY, GUYS, THE  
HONEYMOON'S OVER!  
HERE WE GO AGAIN!  
**FALL IN!**

HEY, SAM, WILL YA  
MAIL THIS FOR  
ME WHILE WE'RE  
GONE? IT'S TO  
ALICE, MY GIRL!



IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO  
DO, CLAY--**IT SURE IS!**



**THE END**



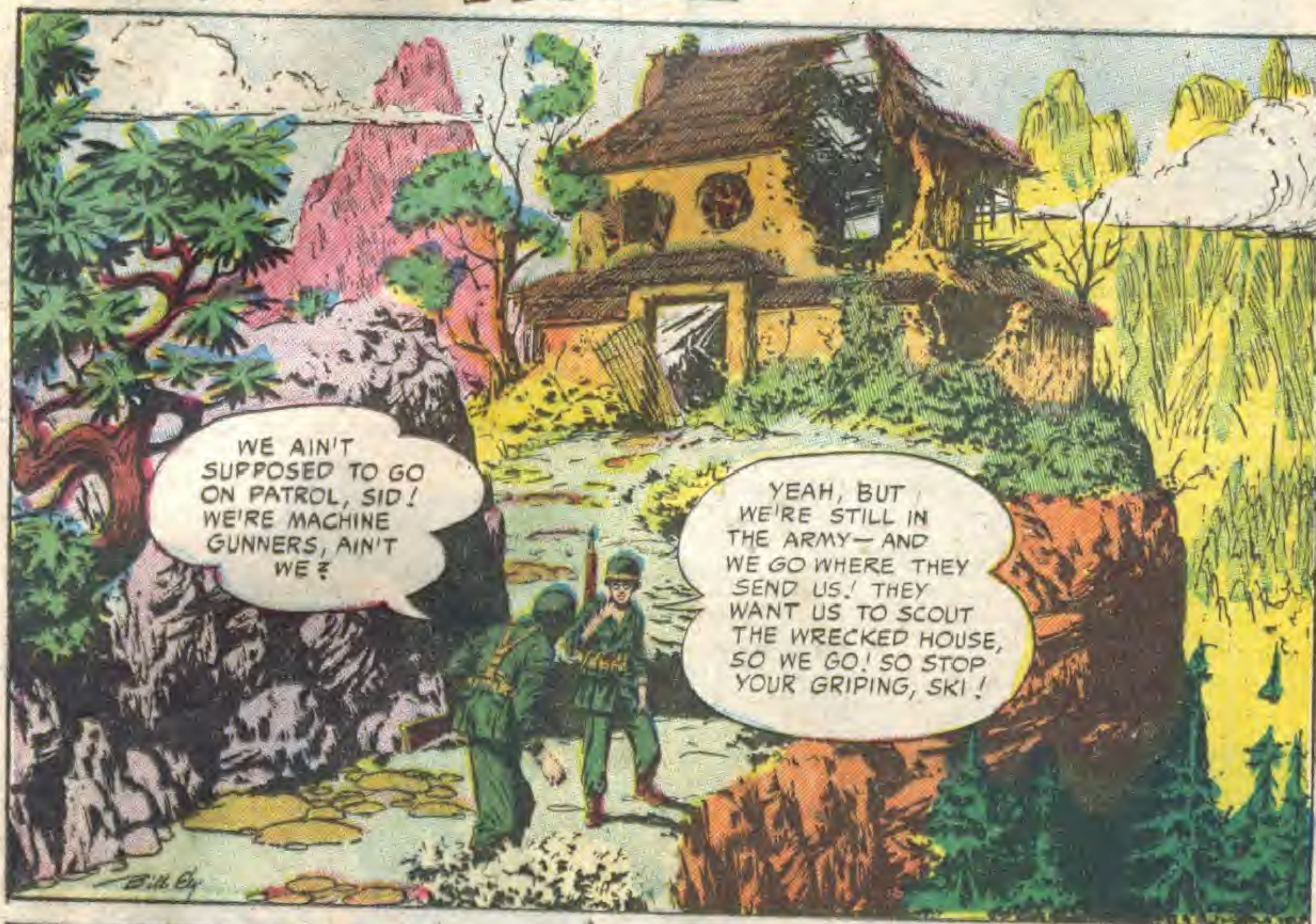
# Buddies

in

## MIRROR, MIRROR

on the WALL

**S**ID ROTHBLATT WROTE CHILDREN'S STORIES BEFORE THE KOREAN WAR, AND STILL FINDS AN AVID READER IN HIS MACHINE GUN PARTNER, SKI! NOW THE TWO BUDDIES ARE OUT ON PATROL...





BOY! THIS IS SOME MIRROR!

YEAH! TOO BAD IT TELLS THE TRUTH!

WHATAYA MEAN?

WELL, NO MATTER HOW NICE THE MIRROR IS **WE'RE** STILL THE SAME TWO BEAT-UP GI'S, WHO NEED A SHAVE, A HAIRCUT AND SOME CLEAN CLOTHES!

OH, YEAH? THAT AIN'T WHAT **I** SEE, BOY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I LOOK IN THAT MIRROR, AND I'M WEARING A WHITE TIE AND TAILS, AN' I'M WITH A GORGEOUS GAL, IN THE SWELLEST RESTAURANT IN TOWN... OH, BOY! I SURE WISH THAT'S HOW IT WAS!


THAT'S WRONG, SKI! YOU WANT THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE!

I DON'T GET IT, SID! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME WISHIN' FOR BETTER THAN I HAVE? IF I COULD BE DOIN' WHAT I SAW IN THE MIRROR... I'D BE HAPPY! ANYTHIN'S BETTER THAN WHAT WE'VE GOT **NOW!**

THAT REMINDS ME OF A STORY I ONCE WROTE!

TELL IT TO ME, SID, WHILE WE GO BACK TO MEET THE REST OF THE PATROL!





ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY NAMED NED, WHO WAS GIVEN A MODEL AIRPLANE FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT. HE WAS VERY PROUD OF IT, BECAUSE NONE OF THE BOYS HAD ONE LIKE IT...



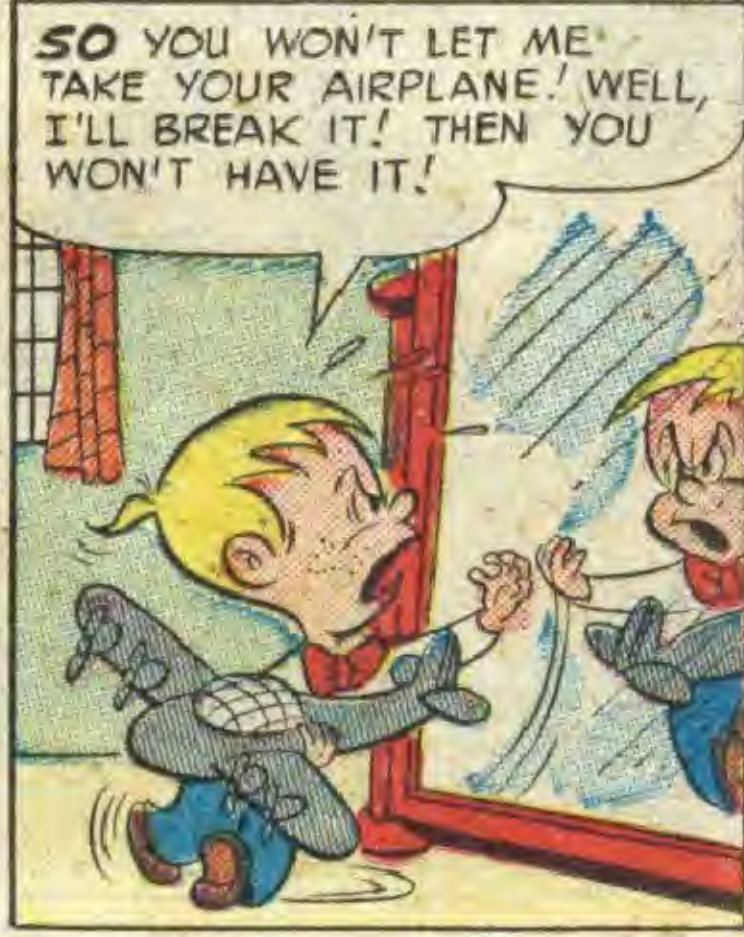
"ALL HIS FRIENDS ADMIRERD THE AIRPLANE..."



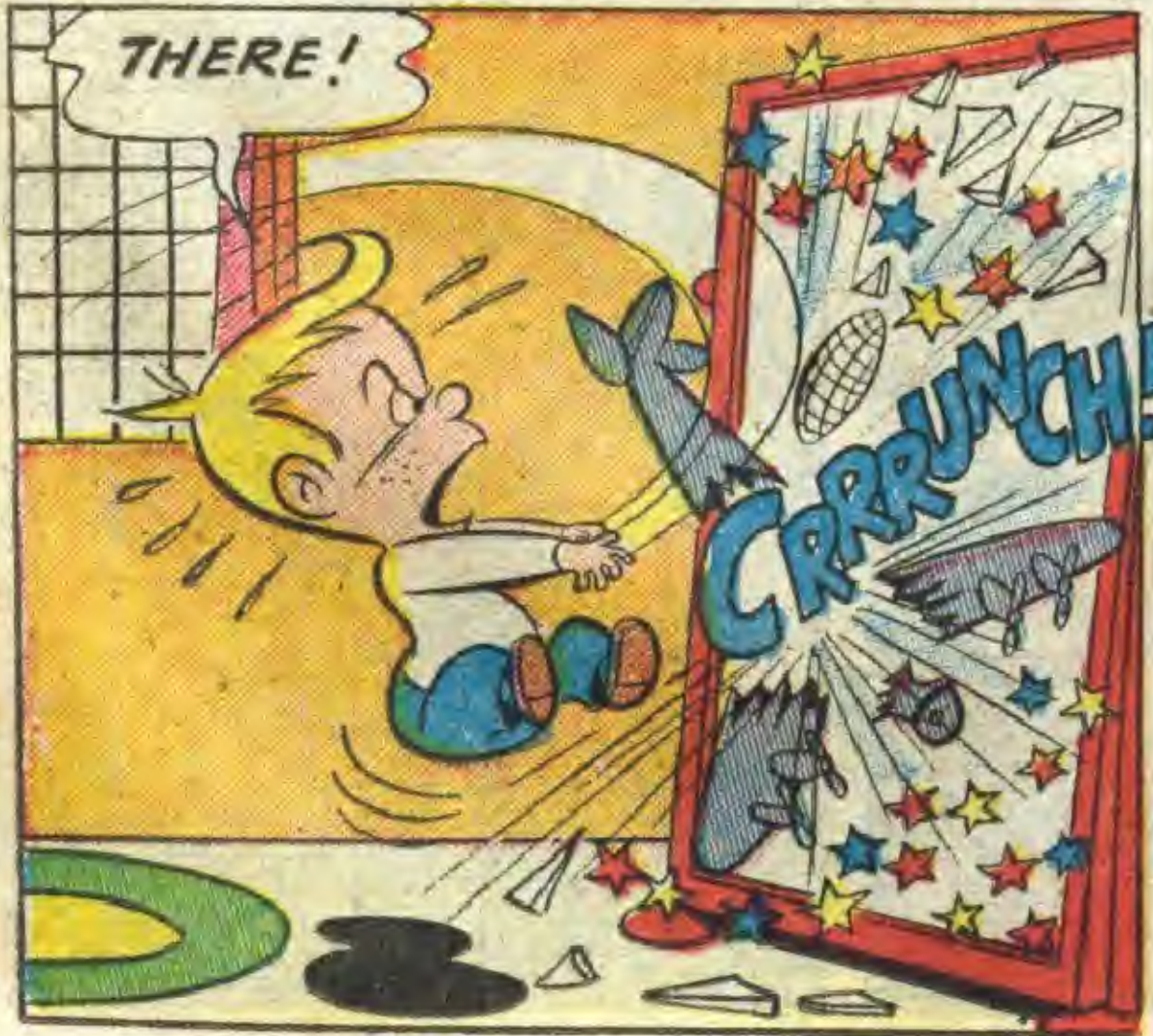
"THEN ONE DAY, WHILE NED WAS PLAYING WITH HIS AIRPLANE, HE HAPPENED TO LOOK IN THE MIRROR..."



"AGAIN AND AGAIN, NED TRIED TO TAKE THE TOY FROM HIS REFLECTION, OF COURSE, HE COULDN'T DO IT! THIS MADE HIM VERY ANGRY..."



"AND IN A FIT OF RAGE, HE SWUNG AT THE MIRROR WITH HIS TOY PLANE..."



SO, BECAUSE HE WANTED EVERYTHING, NED WOUND UP WITH NOTHING!







AND JUST AROUND THE BEND...





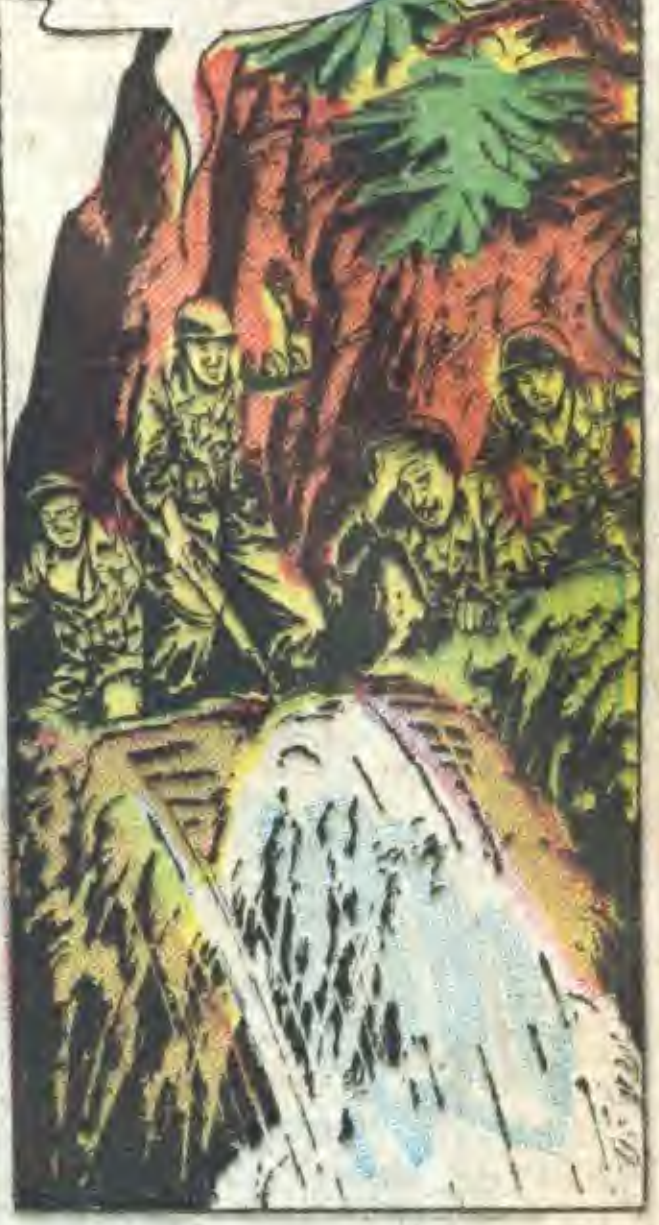




THEY DO NOT SEE US!  
QUICKLY—TURN TO  
RIGHT! WE ATTACK  
FROM FLANK!



YAHOO!  
LOOK AT  
THAT!



YOU DOLL!  
YOU SWEET  
MIRROR!

I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY  
FIFTEEN YEARS--AN' I'D  
NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF  
THAT! THIS IS ONE FOR  
THE BOOKS ALL RIGHT!

YES..  
FOR  
THE  
STORY  
BOOKS!



LATER...

IT CAME OUT JUST LIKE  
THE STORY YOU TOLD ME, SID! THE  
REDS COULD'VE CHEWED US UP LIKE  
NOTHIN'-- BUT THEY WERE TOO  
GREEDY, AN' DESTROYED THEMSELVES!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
SKI! YOU  
SURE GOT  
THE POINT  
OF MY  
STORY!



The End



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# G.I. Joe *in*

*"With love, Mom"*

MODERN WARS ARE FOUGHT WITH SUPER SCIENTIFIC WEAPONS, BUT SCIENCE HAS NEVER FOUND A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE HUMAN HEART. AND DEEP DOWN, EVEN THE GRUFFEST, TOUGHEST-TALKING GI HAS A DIVINE SPARK THAT, PROPERLY NOURISHED, CAN BE FANNED INTO A FLAME OF WARMTH FOR HIS FELLOW MEN... AFTER A LIFETIME OF WALKING ALONE, JIM TAGGERT, OF BAKER COMPANY, FOUND THAT HE, TOO, COULD BELONG TO SOMEONE...



GEE, LISTEN, GUYS! MY BROTHER RALPH JUST WON ANOTHER CASE! WHAT A LAWYER! HE'LL BE A BIG MAN SOMEDAY!

YEAH, AND WHAT'LL YOU BE? JUST ANOTHER VET TELLIN' WAR STORIES ON THE CORNER... IF THE REDS DON'T GET YA FIRST!

YOUR BROTHER'S CLEANIN' UP WHILE YOU ROT HERE! BOY, I'M GLAD I DON'T GET LETTERS. THEY'RE BAD FOR MORALE!

NOT HALF AS BAD AS YOU ARE, TAGGERT! IF YA HAVE TO GRIPE KEEP IT TO YERSELF! AN' LAY OFF THE KID!





OLD MOTHER-HEN MULVANEY!  
ALWAYS DISHIN' OUT THE  
HOPE AND GLORY ROUTINE!

YEAH? WELL, I'M FED  
UP WITH YOUR GRIPIN'  
AN' MOANIN'! WHY'D THEY  
STICK YA IN BAKER  
COMPANY, ANYWAY?



CHEER UP, SARGE! I'M DUE  
FOR ROTATION, IF MY  
REPLACEMENT EVER SHOWS  
UP! THEN I WON'T SEE YOUR  
UGLY KISSER ANY MORE!

AN' I WON'T BE SORRY  
TO SEE THE LAST OF  
THAT SOUR PUSS OF  
**YOURS ...**



TAKE IT EASY, SARGE! TAGGERT'S GOT A RIGHT  
TO GRIPE! HE'S... **HEY, HIT THE  
DIRT!**







WHOOIE!  
THAT WAS  
CLOSE! SOUNDS  
LIKE 76 MILLIMETER  
STUFF!

YEAH, AN WE ALMOST  
GOT IT, JAWIN'  
WITH THAT  
TAGGERT! HE  
GETS IN MY  
HAIR!



AW, HE AIN'T A  
BAD JOE! BEEN  
SWEATIN' OUT  
TOO MUCH COMBAT  
ON THE LINE,  
THAT'S ALL!

SO HAVE A LOT  
OF OTHER GUYS!  
WHAT'S SO  
SPECIAL ABOUT  
HIM?



HE'S A FIRST-  
RATE FIGHTIN'  
MAN, AN' THAT SURE  
COMES IN HANDY WITH  
SO MANY GUYS LEAVIN'  
ON ROTATION!

MAYBE! BUT HE  
OUGHT TO CUT  
OUT THE  
GRIPIN'! IT'S  
BAD FOR THE  
NEW KIDS!

A LITTLE LATER THE ENEMY BARRAGE LIFTS...

SHORTLY AFTER, AT A REAR ASSEMBLY POINT...



C'MON, YOU GUYS! BATTALION  
WANTS US TO PULL  
BACK! ON THE  
DOUBLE!

NICE OF 'EM! BE  
JUST MY LUCK TO GET  
CLOBBERED BEFORE MY  
REPLACEMENT SHOWS UP!  
WHAT'S HE DOIN' —  
HITCH-HIKIN'?



HEY, GUYS! THE  
REPLACEMENTS  
ARE HERE!

ABOUT TIME!



YOU TAGGERT? I'M  
JEROME DEARING!  
I'M REPLACING YOU,  
I GUESS!

WELL, I'LL BE... LOOK AT  
THE GREEN KIDS THEY'RE  
SENDIN' UP!



WELL, IF THAT AIN'T THE  
ARMY FOR YA! KID, YOU  
OUGHTA BE HOME WITH  
YOUR MAMA!

OKAY BY ME, BUT I'VE  
GOT A JOB TO DO  
FIRST! NOW YOU CAN  
GO HOME TO YOUR  
MAMA!





I AIN'T GOT NO MOTHER!

GEE, I'M SORRY! HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY FAMILY... A GIRL... SOMEBODY THAT CARES FOR YOU?



NAH! I NEVER FOUND NOBODY WORTH GETTIN' SOFT ABOUT! I TRAVEL ALONE!

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE REALLY AS TOUGH AS YOU SOUND, JIM!



IT'S MY THEORY THAT TOUGH OR BITTER PEOPLE ARE REALLY LONELY INSIDE! THEY NEED SOMEONE, JIM...

WHEW! I'M GONNA BUST OUTA HERE BEFORE YOU START LECTURIN' ME ON ARMY REGS OR DIS-MANTLIN' AN M.I! SEE YA, KID! AN' THE NAME IS TAGGERT!



THE NEXT DAY...

BAKER COMPANY WON'T BE THE SAME! HOW DO THESE KIDS LOOK TO YOU, JOE?

PRETTY GREEN, SARGE, BUT THEY'LL MAKE IT! GET A LOAD OF THAT KID DEARING WITH TAGGERT! THEY BEEN GETTIN' REAL CHUMMY!



WELL, KID, I'M SHOVIN' OFF! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YA!

OKAY, TAGGERT, AN' TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!



YEAH - SURE - WELL; I... HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



PARKER, RE-GROUP YOUR MEN! RED TANKS HAVE CUT OFF THIS WHOLE SECTOR! MOVE OUT ON CONDITION RED!





ALL RIGHT, SLUGGERS, LET'S GO! LOAD UP ON AMMO AND FOLLOW ME OUT!

JUST WHEN I'M COOLIN' MY ACHIN' FEET!



THAT MEANS YOU, TOO, TAGGERT! THAT STATESIDE LIVIN' WILL HAVE TO WAIT! THIS LOOKS BAD! C'MON, MOVE IT!

OF ALL THE DIRTY, ROTTEN... C'MON, KID, STICK WITH ME!

WITH POUNDING PULSES, THE GIs FORM A DEFENSE PERIMETER AGAINST THE RED TANK THRUST...



LOOK AT THEM BABIES! YOU CAN'T STOP THAT WITH AN M-1!

BATTALION, THIS IS RED DOG! WHAT ABOUT THOSE PLANES? WE'RE ZEROED IN ALL ALONG THE LINE!



SCARED, KID?

YEAH, BUT I'M GLAD IT CAME SO QUICK! I'LL GET IT OVER WITH, FASTER!



HERE THEY COME, SARGE!

WHERE ARE THOSE PLANES? WHERE ARE THOSE PLANES? WHERE ARE ...



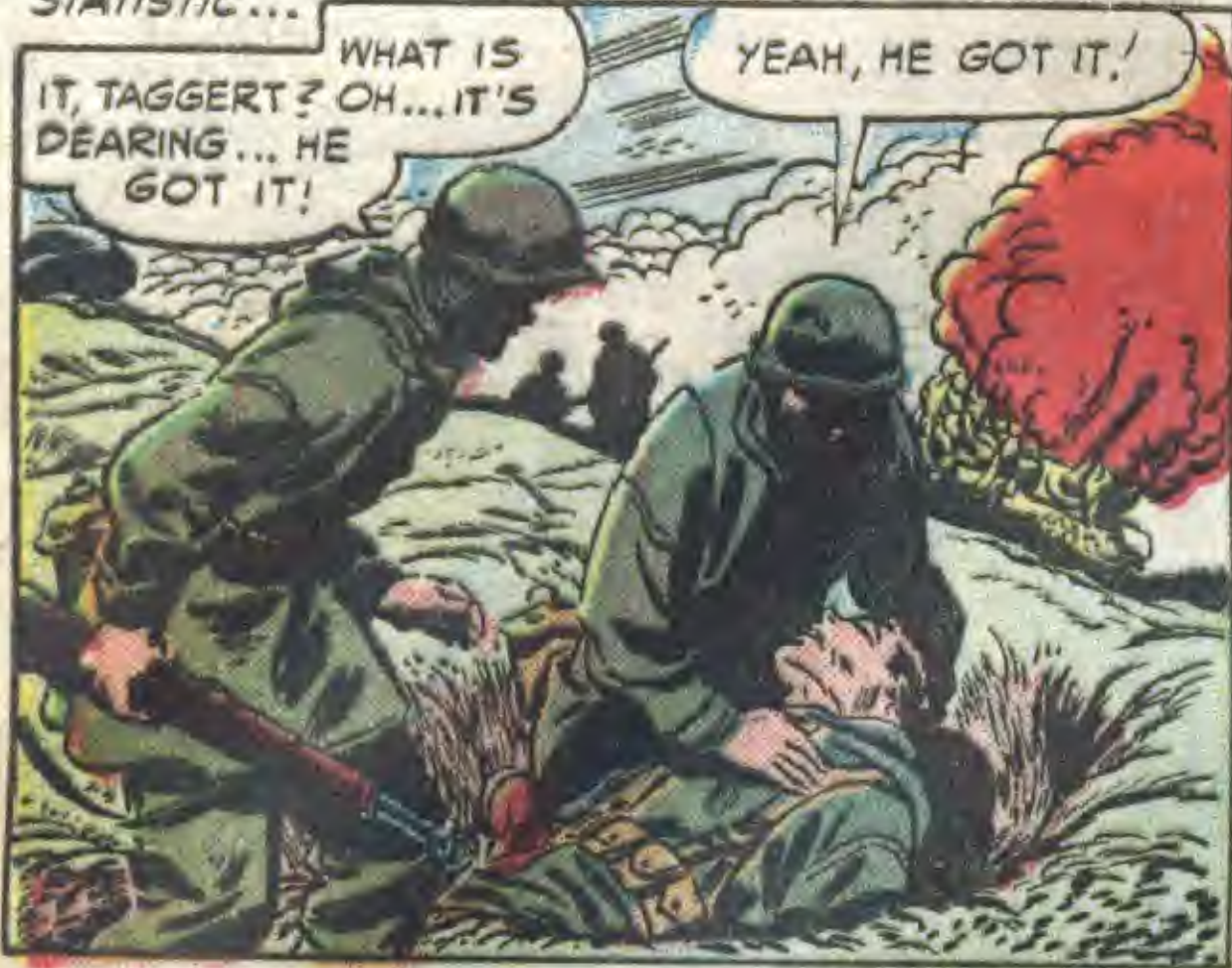
THERE THEY ARE! LOOK AT 'EM CLOBBER THEM REDS! ZOWIE!



SOON IT IS OVER! THE REDS ARE BEATEN! ANOTHER THRUST STOPPED, ANOTHER FIGHT BECOMES A STATISTIC...

WHAT IS IT, TAGGERT? OH...IT'S DEARING... HE GOT IT!

YEAH, HE GOT IT!



THE TENDER WORDS IN THE LETTER ROCK TAGGERT AS ENEMY FIRE AND STEEL HAVE NEVER DONE...

... and now with your father gone and your brother Hal killed in the big war, you're all I have left! So take care, my darling, and come home safely! With love, Mom



"DEAR MRS. DEARING: I WAS WITH YOUR SON JERRY WHEN THE REDS GOT HIM. HE WAS A SWELL KID. HE DIED BRAVE. I'M NOT MUCH AT WRITING LETTERS, BUT I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU..."

SARGE, LOOK! THE LONE WOLF IS WRITIN' A LETTER! WHAT IS IT, TAGGERT, POISON PEN TO YOUR DRAFT BOARD?

PROB'LY BAWLIN' OUT THE KID'S MOTHER 'CAUSE HIS REPLACEMENT WAS KILLED!





NEXT DAY...

SARGE, DID YA HEAR? TAGGERT TALKED THE C.O. INTA LETTIN' 'IM STAY ON AS A REPLACEMENT FOR DEARING!

WHAT!! NOW I HEARD EVERYTHING! IMAGINE A GUY REPLACIN' HIS REPLACEMENT!

MAYBE HE'S NOT SO NUTS! HE KINDA TOOK TO THAT DEARING KID!

AN' THE WAY HE GRIPE TO GO HOME! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!

A WEEK LATER, AS BAKER COMPANY IS BACK ON THE LINE...

I CAN'T GET OVER IT! NOT A GRIPE OUTA TAGGERT IN DAYS, AN' HE KEEPS WRITIN' THEM LETTERS! WHAT GIVES?

I FIGURE HE'S SORTA FINDIN' HIMSELF! HE'LL BE OKAY! LEAVE 'IM ALONE!



HEY, MORTAR FIRE!

THAT WAS TAGGERT'S SPOT! HE'S HIT! GET THE MEDIC!



MORTARS AREN'T BIG FREIGHT, BUT THEY'RE NASTY! LATER IN A FIELD HOSPITAL...

WELL, TAGGERT, YOU'RE GOIN' HOME FOR REAL THIS TIME! SAY, THIS LETTER CAME FOR YOU... FROM DEARING'S MOTHER!

A LETTER...? IT'S... THE FIRST ONE I EVER GOT! WILL YA READ IT, JOE?



"...YOUR LETTERS TELL ME YOU'RE ALONE! I'M ALONE, TOO, NOW! JEROME ALWAYS SAID THAT PEOPLE NEED EACH OTHER! SO WON'T YOU COME AND MAKE YOUR HOME WITH ME WHEN YOU COME BACK? WITH LOVE, MOM."



GEE, ARE YA (GULP) GONNA DO IT, TAGGERT?

JOE, MY MAIN GRIPE AGAINST THE WORLD WAS 'CAUSE I NEVER HAD A MOM!...NOW I GUESS I GOT ONE!...YEP, I ACCEPT!



STRANGE, INDEED, ARE THE FORTUNES OF WAR... ONE BRAVE LAD DIED FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM AND, ANOTHER, A HOMELESS YOUTH, FOUND A PLACE IN A MOTHER'S HEART!

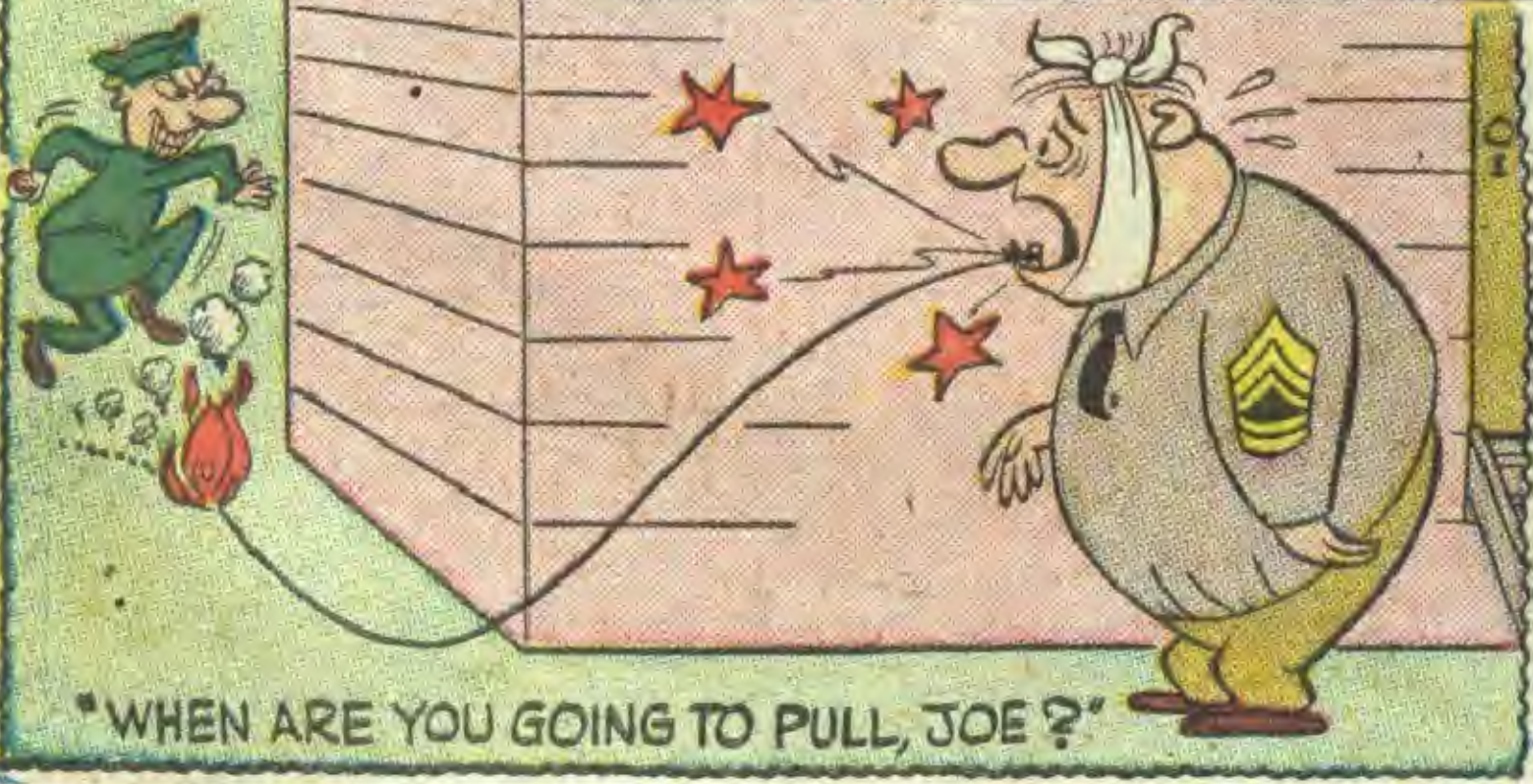
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# G.I. FUN



# KHAKI CAPERS



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